

## **A Letter writ in Response to the Call for a Black Shirt Day**

This letter was composed in response to the indignity of a veiled-hatred by a minority subculture. I intended to submit it to the Anti-Racist Coalition (ARC) in Vancouver... but found no email address. Having finished this letter, I thought someone should read it... so I've sent it to you.

Hosers,

I spent the first five years of school being bullied and beaten by half-breeds and Indians at a Catholic School in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. It only stopped when my family moved away. Thereafter, I had peace until I came out as a new wave punk rocker in the early-80s... and it all started up again—except this time, I was being bullied and beaten by White cops as well as the Indians. I complained to the Human Rights Commission... and was told that I was the bottom of the barrel, as I was a single young White male! I kept on punkin', though.

My problems with violent Indians in Saskatoon and Regina continued on throughout my adolescence... as didst my troubles with the police. And all manner of persons wouldst call out humiliating names and statements like “get a haircut” directed at me from their automobiles—which is strange, considering I was one of the first kids on the block to sport a mohawk.

I kept on punkin', though.

Whence I emerged as an artist in Regina, during the early 90s, I ended up being ostracized for my conservative opinions—for it was the far-leaning leftists, which I hadst supported in the past as a new wave punker, which supported each other in the arts. Hence, I was overlooked and bypassed by my peers.

I kept on punkin', though.

Later, throughout the 90s, my troubles with Indians and police continued. I had no vehicle and was compelled to walk—and this endangered me at night going to-and-from the bars, clubs and off-sale outlets. I was oft assaulted and persecuted by the fuzz—spending many a senseless night in the can for “wandering abroad drunk”...

I kept on punkin', though.

In the mid-90s, I began letting the homeless squeegee kids crash in my Regina studio—and involved some of them in the arts as an outlet for expressing their repressed angst. Some are still involved in the arts—but over the last few years I've become quite cloistered and now know naught of these young folk. The local pigs left me for dead in an alleyway one night—as they were jealous over the fact that the White kids were “fucking” with me, whilst they had only the half-breed and Indian girls on the low track to screw around with—and they did do so, promising them a night in jail and a court appearance as a sex-tax on their freedom of choice.

I assure you—I weren't fuckin' with none of those bratty kids. (A few months later, the dead bodies of Indian men taken on night rides by the screws, started turning up whence the snow melted.)

I kept on punkin', though.

Now, I know my heritage... to be blunt, the blood of a score of First Nations tribes runs through my body—as I am a 14<sup>th</sup>/15<sup>th</sup> generation offshoot of the First French Family... of those Canadienne habitants which first peopled the wild hinterlands... of the voyageurs and coeur-des-bois and York-boatmen of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territories... and of the last of the buffalo hunters across the Great Interior Prairieland... yea, I have the pioneer spirit of stalwart peasants from the Ukraine animating my psyche. Yet, I associate me not with the Indians and Métis nor the White Indians... neither as an Acadian, Québécois, or Francophone.

I'm not White... nor am I a Native of anything but a True Canadjun heritage... and punkin' has long ago left me poor and lame and alone.

I was always alone, though.

For a long time now, I've supported the underdog and spoken aloud for thaim with faint hearts and quiet voices—regardless of their race, creed or culture.

But... I've always stood alone... a “little chicken” now a-boiling in Foxy Loxy's stewpot.

It matters not what I say or do... I've never supported fools like Anti-Racist Action, Antifa or Anti-Racist Coalition. Nor shall I ever!

Sure, eh! I'd rub their noses in their poop... because they really should know better... but don't... and shit all over everything good!?

Methinks y'all care naught an iota for the truth... rather, you fuck things up just to look good—and, instead of actually accomplishing something for the benefit of society at large, puff up your feathers like Pharisees who tithe charity to be seen by others of your ilk. Without a doubt, you're no different than the hippies of the swingin' 60s which turned on, tuned in and dropped out of the flower-power generation only to sell out and conform to the yippie-me generation ideals of cash and gash.

You pist me off with your hedonistic Black Lives Matter crock-of-crap—which is why I'm writing this for you to stool over! If ever anyone deserved a socialist media blitz to affect change in our society today... it ain't thaim few Black folks you claim! It be the families of those French Canadian and Acadian “White Niggers,” and their First Nations and Métis “blood-brothers.” My own Red River people suffered terribly under the Zionist Occupied Government in Ottawa—and I say “ZOG” because it was the Haskalahic money and power behind the British Orangemen (Hirsch, Rothschild, Bronfman, etc...) which financed Sir John A's Syndicate and Canada Firsters.

It was these same monied tyrants which wrought about the Acadian deportation in the Maritimes... sure, eh! these same devils were behind the land-stealing schemes which

robbed the Scottish crofters of their homes and sent away the poor Irish and British folk to Caribbean plantations to labour as slaves alongside the Black Africans. Notwithstanding, two Whites were valued less than one good buck-nigger.

And though my heart weeps tears for those poor Blacks made slaves in America... it was a Black man which possessed the first slave for life.

And though it is said the whole reason for the American Civil War was to “free the Black slaves”—many Blacks fought for the Confederacy and against the usurious Federal Reservist money-power behind that sad war. Moreover, it was this blood-stained money which financed the Klan—it being the brainchild of Judah P. Benjamin (Jew) and the immoral and dogmatic Albert Pike (Freemason).

The same is true of the monied-power behind the commie Trotsky... and Lenin, too. Both dirty bastards being financed by the international Jewish criminal banksters, Jacob Schiff and the Warburgs. Just look what those God-damned Bolsheviks did in Tsarist Russia, eh!

The list of evils perpetrated against the White race by the Jews and their half-brother Arabs and the Black Berber slavers is seemingly unending... but it is the liberal leftist vogue to cover such up and like the little boy which cried wolf to make a noisy racket against the truth.

The source of the great wealth of many an illumined family lays in the lap of Lady Opium, including the Astors, Roosevelts, Forbes, Bushes, etc... not to forget mentioning the likes of the Sassoon and Windsor (Saxe-Coburg-Gotha) and Rothschilds families. These all got wealthy off the Chinese Boxer Rebellions.

The same is true of such despicable families as Rhodes, DeBeers, Oppenheimers and Rothschilds which were all enriched by the Boer Wars—the poor Afrikaans folk suffering terrifying abuses at the whims of hate-filled Blacks, such as Mandela (whom is no hero).

Many a good Canadian lad lost his life or was made a criminal in South Africa—and, as our people did then they later attempted in Haiti... which was thrice salvaged and rebuilt by the White nations only be torn down by Papa Legba (and the Clintons).

By now you must think very little of me... but I assure you that long before you were born I was standing proud in defiance against the enemies of all free peoples. Hell, even today I most firmly believe that if any folk bethink themselves great they shouldst prove it by protecting such peoples as the Yanomamö and other “uncontacted” peoples of the Amazon rain forest—so as their isolation is respected and preserved, for no truly good soul wants what hap’t the Tsaday and “cargo cults”—and, in short, to protect all primitive people such as the Australian Aborigines, the Congo Bushman / Bantu Abatwa, the Ainu, the Sami, the Inuit...

You might hate me for my opinion and/or my courage to openly express myself against your beguiling disguise of humanism on behalf of an oppressed peoples... but, I reckon none of you can prove a blood-tie to the Huron peoples (whereas I can). Furthermore, I reckon none of you can prove a blood-tie to the Canadian Root-Race (whereas I can)... hell, I'd go so far as to say that none of y'all hath any real claim to Canadian nationalism insomuch as few-if-any of you even knoweth much of your foreign-born ancestry beyond your grandparental third generation!

Is it wrong for me to love my people... my race (neither White nor First Nations)... my nation, which is much more to me than any natural resources as its land and waterways, its flora and fauna, its history being the history of my family and of the struggles my ancestors have had to endure... throughout our 400+ years of existence since Cartier founded our nation.

Let me close in saying, it was those Anglo-Haskalahic monied-powers which have fostered most of the race-hatred in the history of my nation. They still do—from slandering the Couillard family, which welcomed Olivier LeJeune into their home... to employing the Bongo family in the pays d'en haut fur trade... to opening our national arms to such men as John Ware and such women as Emma Stark and Sylvia Estes.

I could say more—but shaln't. It is late and I am weary.

I am writing you, thus, only because I saw a newscast concerning your hateful anti-White denigrating agenda to promote the inconceivable idea that Canada and Canadians supported a historical enmity for any race... sure, eh! I won't argue that the monied people out east robbed my people of their lands, their homes, their languages, their history, their freedom and their lives; it is more-so undeniable that these same war-mongering monsters committed vast hate-crimes against such people as the Chinese—who sold their birthright by accepting a reimbursement for the head-tax their ancestors paid to be here... and the Japanese—who were robbed of their freedom, their homes, their livelihood (during the Good War “to end all wars”)... and others such as the Germans—who suffered grievous persecution for the crimes of Histler... and the Russian Doukhobor Sons of Freedom...

:Darcy-John:Bouchard, li Exöuile de la Méacutetis famille du Kanata,  
a nameless nobody and of Church Triumphant, an unworthy bastard

P.S.: I find it laughable that you are so proud of the 5300+ people to sign their names to your Anti-Racism Coalition (Vancouver) petition calling on B.C. Minister of Education Hon. Jennifer Whiteside to designate Jan.15<sup>th</sup> as Black Shirt Day in recognition of the struggle for human and civil rights for Black and racialized Canadians. Where were you whence I was left for dead by police which brutalized me... or whom of you spoke out against the much publicized “night-ride” murders which occurred thereafter!?

What a psuedobulbarous joke, eh! 5300 people of 38 million persons in Canada is 0.00014% percent of the population. 5300 people of 5.071 million persons in British Columbia are but 0.001045% of the population.

And that you'd be satisfied with a mere 10,000 people of 5.071 million persons [to sign their names to your petition]—a whopping 0.0197% of the population brings a tear to my eye.

I am sorry if I've offended you. I shaln't deny being a racist... but hatred of others hath not rooted in my heart nor within my thoughts, being contrary to my nature as a trueborn Canadian... neither am I out to sell t-shirts or any other merchandise.

I assure you, the red flag of socialism you've proudly wrapped about yourselves is closer to Nazism than my naked humanity and faith in the common folk in general. To be quite blunt: "I am rubber and you are glue... I'm a mirror revealing you... you shake your finger at me, but the other three point aback at ye."